

Title of Your Sex Tape by Luddleston

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Summary:

Prompto interrupts Noct late one night to inform him that he's found *The Videos*, and Noct needs to stop doing his Kingly Whatever to come watch them. Immediately.

The Videos are a whole bunch of sex tapes the four of them made a decade ago.

Title of Your Sex Tape

Author's Note:

I MEAN U KNOW PROMPTO HAS GOTTA HAVE MADE A BUNCH OF SEX TAPES. OKAY.

He takes so many pictures of their asses, it's impossible that he wouldn't have these.

"You'll never *believe* what I found!" Prompto shouted, bursting into Noct's office with no additional explanation.

He was utterly delighted over whatever it was, rocking back on his feet and folding his arms behind his back, which was either an effort not to spill his discovery or a bad attempt at parade rest. He was in uniform, after all.

"What did you find?" Noct asked, not unused to these kinds of shenanigans but also not certain exactly how long this was going to take. He was pretty damn busy. Who knew being king of a nation recovering from a literal apocalypse involved so much paperwork?

"Guess!" Prompto said, hopping over behind Noct's desk and sitting back on it, carefully avoiding the mug of now-cold tea that Noct had neglected to finish.

"Baby chocobo. Gotta be. You're ridiculously giddy," Noct said, resting his hand on Prompto's knee.

"Nope! Alright, you're probably never gonna guess. Anyway, I was clearing out my hard drive, and so I was poking around in the folder of pics from our road trip—" meaning, he'd been distracting himself, "—and I forgot I had another folder in there, which was full of, that's right, The Videos." He said it like it had capital letters, and Noct immediately knew what he was talking about.

Because, while there were a lot of sweet photos from their trip, there was also an approximate fuckton of videos, which were decidedly less innocent in content.

Sex tapes.

"Did you watch them?" Noct asked, his voice already rougher, his heart already racing. He'd bet anything Prompto had, and the image of that was *too good*.

"Pfft. No."

"That sounds like a lie," Noct said. He leaned in closer, setting one hand on Prompto's thigh, and whispered to him as though he was trying to keep someone from listening in, despite the fact that his office was empty. "I'll bet you watched them and you got off while you did it."

Prompto squirmed in that way he always did when he got turned on, and yanked Noct in by his shirt collar to kiss him. Noct only let it go on for a few seconds, because sure, it was pretty late into the night, but Noct knew well by now that there was always somebody around who was in need of the King for some reason or another. Made it damn hard to get laid even if you did have three lovers.

"I honestly didn't," Prompto said, "I mean, c'mon. I *had* to wait and watch them with you. And, ideally, Gladio and Ignis, but, you know, they don't get back in from Accordo 'til Tuesday."

"And you can't wait that long, can you?" Noct grinned, leaning in again, and Prompto hopped off the desk and straight into his lap.

"Nooooo, I can't. I can't," he said, kissing Noct again, and Noct *really* hoped none of the councillors decided to walk in. They were already weird enough about the not-so-secretive nature of Noct's relationship to his three closest friends.

Someone cleared their throat from the doorway. Prompto almost fell over trying to get off Noct's lap.

"Oh. Just Cor. Hey," Prompto said, giving him a little awkward wave.

Noct was pretty sure there was something in The Rules about not rolling your eyes at the King, but Cor sure didn't follow that bit. "Your Majesty," he began, "I was hoping you'd left for the evening."

"I'm making him leave!" Prompto said, which was something Noct had not agreed to. Maybe he could convince Prompto to let him finish a couple things.

"I'm staying here until you do," Cor said, like he could read Noct's mind (Noct hoped he couldn't; nobody needed to know what he was planning to do to Ignis when he got back, and he'd been thinking about that a lot lately).

"Well! You heard the man!" And that was how Noct ended up being dragged out of his own office.

You know, he'd really thought he was supposed to be in charge of something around here.

Prompto had already connected his external hard drive to the TV, so there was an image that looked to be the back of Noct's head taking up the whole of the flatscreen. Noct had been expecting Prompto to open up his laptop in bed, not to play the video in 4K ultra-HD with surround sound or whatever.

"What, are we just gonna like... sit on the couch and watch ourselves...?" This was getting weirder the more Noct thought about it.

"You want me to make popcorn?" Prompto cackled, already stripping out of his uniform jacket and leaving it hanging crooked on the hook by the door, his boots clunking onto the floor and landing in a pile. By the time Noct was out of his suit jacket, Prompto was sprawled on the couch, his chin tipping up as he fixed Noct with his best 'come-hither' eyes. Damn, it worked. Prompto had always been beautiful, but the confidence he'd gained in the past ten years was just *unreasonably* attractive. He used to sometimes look at Noct like he didn't know how he'd ended up with him. Now, he looked at Noct like he knew just how much Noct loved him and just how gorgeous Noct thought he was.

Noct had a deep urge to curl up on the couch with him and cuddle him until he fell asleep, maybe with Prompto petting his hair, but he'd wake up sore if he didn't sleep in his bed, and he also didn't think he could fall asleep with the (very, VERY amateur) porn Prompto was planning to play in the background. He sat next to Prompto instead, a hand on his thigh as he leaned in to kiss him, warm and sweet. He could feel Prompto's giggles in the form of stuttered breath against his lips and cheek.

"Quit distracting me. I meant it, I wanna watch this," Prompto said, leaning forward to grab the remote and giving Noct a lovely view of the way the muscles in his back stretched beneath his undershirt. "C'mon, you gotta know how hot you look on these things, right?"

"You probably look hot on these," Noct said, "when you're not behind the camera. I probably look like a total mess." Noct remembered being twenty better than Prompto did (because of magical Crystal fuckery) and he knew exactly how awkward he'd been.

"A *hot* mess." Prompto wrapped an arm around his waist and grabbed him close as he hit 'play,' so that Noct couldn't get away. He leaned his head on Prompto's shoulder and hoped this wasn't as incredibly awkward as it felt like it'd be.

The video opened with Noct in a black T-shirt, looking over his shoulder at the camera. His smile was crooked but his eyes were soft, his expression open the way it only was when Prompto was behind the camera. He leaned in, until the camera lens went dark because it was pressed against Noct's shirt, and okay, Prompto's camera had never had the best microphone, but Noct could still tell that he'd been kissing Prompto during this shot.

"Put that thing away," Noct said, *"we're gonna—"*

"I know. I want to remember this later."

"Was this the first time you ever...?" Noct asked, gesturing at the screen.

"Mm. Guess so. It was the first file in the folder." Prompto had tugged the hem of Noct's shirt untucked, and he was now stroking over Noct's bare hip,

almost absent-mindedly, focused on the screen, which didn't have anything interesting on it until Noct leaned back and the lens re-focused on Ignis and Gladio, who were on the bed, looking like they were trying to wrestle the clothes off each other without breaking a deep kiss.

Noct sucked in a gasp between his teeth. "Damn. Are we always that eager to get each other naked?"

"Sure feels like we are. But I'm pretty sure this was the day Gladio almost got gored by a dualhorn—yeah, you can see the scrape on his side, right there—so I think Iggy's doing his whole 'thank the Six you're not dead now I'm going to fuck you really hard' thing." Ah. Yeah, Noct had been on the receiving end of that *particularly* hard when he'd done that whole saving-the-world business. For several rounds. Good times.

Noct heard himself say, "*fuck*," on camera, and honestly, he agreed with his younger self. Ignis was straddling Gladio's waist, rocking back hard, rolling his hips into it as Gladio sat up halfway to kiss down the line of Ignis's sternum.

He was feeling overly warm in his long sleeves and slacks, and so he loosened the top button of his shirt. It didn't really help with the heat in his chest, not when the angle changed and the background noise made it clear that Prompto had set the camera down so that he could kiss Noct. He was kissing Noct now, too, his mouth warm against Noct's neck, fingertips tracing over the newly-bared skin of his collarbone.

"God, we all look so young," Prompto said, and honestly, that hadn't been Noct's first thought. Not because this felt like it'd happened a few months ago to him, but because the next thing that happened in the video was Ignis very efficiently lubing himself up and riding Gladio's cock and all Noct felt was *hot*. Ignis's head was cut out of the frame—the camera was probably on the bedside table—but the way his body moved was enough to make Noct start rubbing his fingers against the crotch of his trousers.

"Haven't even seen you yet." Noct knew Prompto was undressing him in the background of the video from the sounds of fabric moving and the soft noises both of them made. Hearing his own sex noises was honestly kind of

weird, but luckily, Prompto was noisier, and Gladio was swearing and moaning like *he* was the one getting fucked out.

"I don't think I have my tripod set up for this one," Prompto said, shifting to spread his legs wider, reaching down to adjust himself in his pants (and maybe just to touch himself). "Doubt my face will even be in it."

"We're watching another one later, then," Noct said. "I wanna watch you realize how hot you are."

Prompto laughed, pinching Noct's hip. "I know how hot I am." He looked back at the TV, sighing a little and tracing the shape of his cock in his pants. "Didn't then, probably."

"Exactly. *Goddamn*, I wish your camera had a better mic. Bet Iggy's talking absolute filth."

"Oh, yeah. Probably telling Gladio to lie still and be a good boy so that Ignis can get his fill of that cock—fuck, Noct, do a guy a favor and unzip my pants before I get so hard I pop the button off." Prompto could've done it himself just fine, but he was busy undoing the rest of the buttons on Noct's shirt, the hand on his hip tracing over his back until he reached Noct's collar and pulled it down, slowly stripping him. It wasn't slow by intention, but because Prompto was focused on watching Gladio knocking Ignis over and fucking him into the mattress.

The audio was still all Noct and Prompto though, and the shaky moan that came out of his own mouth ten years ago—his voice a little higher, a little clearer—made Noct fumble as he unbuttoned Prompto's pants.

"*Noct, hey, I think Gladio's gonna—*" Prompto from a decade ago said, and sure enough, Gladio was coming, the high definition of Prompto's camera perfectly capturing the cunning grin on Ignis's face as he got exactly what he'd wanted. They spent a long moment kissing afterward, Gladio moving slow and sated in contrast to Ignis, still all hot passion.

Then Noct bowled Gladio over to drag Ignis into his arms instead, and in the present, Noct hid his face behind a hand, laughing self-consciously at

his own embarrassing overeagerness. There was something sweet about it—he was confident in his own nakedness, safe in the knowledge that the three men with him *loved* him, gleeful, he remembered, with the knowledge that the only audience for this particular film would be his future self.

"*Blondie, grab the camera and come closer,*" Gladio said, and Prompto did, catching a flash of his own knee—all they'd seen of Prompto and proof that Prompto was either naked or nearly there. Then, it refocused on the tangle of limbs that Noct and Ignis made up. Noct clutched desperately as Ignis held his chin in a firm grip and took Noct's mouth. The camera zoomed out enough that their lower bodies were in frame, Ignis's legs slung over Noct's hips, Noct with two fingers buried in Ignis's ass, fucking through the mess of lube and Gladio's come that filled him.

"Damn, look at you two," Prompto said, and then he groaned as Noct started stroking his cock—over the speakers, a younger Prompto made exactly the same noise, so Noct figured Gladio had been touching him then, too. It must've only lasted a second, because the next noise out of Prompto's mouth was a soft *oh, fuck*—as Gladio sunk a hand into Noct's hair and tugged his head back, displaying the long lines of his throat and the bloom of fresh love bites that he assumed were Prompto's doing. Gladio kissed him and Ignis sank onto his cock and Noct, in the present and newly reminded of exactly that had felt, yanked his pants out of the way with the kind of messy eagerness he'd hadn't felt since he was a teenager.

"*Holy shit, that's hot,*" Prompto observed in the moment.

"My camera work's real fuckin' shaky," Prompto observed ten years later.

"Yeah," Noct said, rubbing his thumb over the head of Prompto's cock and making him gasp, "you're filming one-handed."

"What makes you say—"

"You think you'd look at that and *not* jerk yourself off?"

"Good point." Prompto sounded dreamy and immensely pleased with himself for immortalizing this moment, and he returned the favor, stroking

Noct's dick like he was trying to match the pace Ignis was riding him on the video but not quite able to time it right.

"Do you remember what happens next on this?" Noct asked, curious if the film would be long enough for them to both make it over the edge or if they'd have to start another.

"I think, um—" Prompto began, and then he just sort of nodded at the screen, because Gladio was leaning in and asking Prompto if he felt left out. "Yeah, Gladio's gonna suck my dick."

Noct thrust into Prompto's hand, and Prompto squeezed him tighter. "Shit. Can't wait to see that—I never actually know what he looks like when he goes down on me." That was because of Noct's inability to keep himself from throwing his head back and closing his eyes and moaning loud enough to piss off the neighbors whenever somebody sucked him off.

"Oh, it's exactly as hot as you think it is," Prompto said, cringing a little at the dizzying spin of the camera moving as they rearranged themselves. When it stilled, Prompto must have been sitting up against the edge of the bed, Gladio kneeling on the floor in front of him. Gladio's hands gripped Prompto's thighs and Prompto's cock was finally in frame, flushed and just as hard as it was when Prompto watched.

The camera was steadier now that Prompto held it with both hands, and Noct appreciated the molten-hot gleam in Gladio's eyes in perfect focus. Gladio was by no means camera-shy, looking directly at the lens as he leaned in to scrape his prickly cheek against Prompto's inner thigh, grinning not at the man he was about to pleasure, but at the man who was watching.

They were the same person, but that was beside the point.

Prompto was clearly affected by watching Gladio swallow his dick, stroking Noct faster and digging his teeth into his lower lip. "Fuck, fuck, *fuck*, he's unfairly sexy. What were the Astrals thinking when they created this man?" Prompto whined.

"Uh, 'you're welcome, especially Noct, Prompto, and Ignis'?"

"I think so, yeah."

Gladio sucked dick like a work of art, thick lashes fanning over his cheeks as his eyes closed, his hair falling across his forehead and the bow of his lips stretched around Prompto's cock. Alright, next time he got his mouth on Noct, Noct was determined not to let himself be lost in pleasure before he could properly enjoy the way Gladio looked up at him, like he'd be smiling if his mouth wasn't full.

"How long do you think you lasted in this?" Noct asked, and Prompto just laughed.

"Ten seconds? I don't think you get how into this I am."

"I can tell," Noct said. Prompto was rolling his hips and fucking Noct's fist, the hand that wasn't around Noct's dick shoved up his shirt so that Prompto could fondle his own chest. Noct was pretty sure he could get off on just watching Prompto react to these videos.

"Yeah, but like—it's the whole thing. Filming it. I mean, sure, I have pathological need to document everything, but filming us fucking is just a kink, man."

Noct hadn't even really known that could *be* a kink before Prompto, but he'd be the first to admit his sexual education was lacking.

"I remember that night," Prompto continued, "I actually asked Ignis beforehand if he thought you guys would take it bad."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, uh, he was like, 'Noct won't care and Gladio's a slut.' But, classier, because, you know, Ignis."

They could hear Ignis on the video now, because Prompto's camera was close enough, and the litany of praise and dirty talk he was whispering for Noct made Noct's hands itch with a phantom urge to pull Ignis closer, even though Ignis was on another continent. *"That's it, love, don't stop touching*

me, you must know I've been thinking of this all day, imagining how incredible your cock was going to feel in me."

Noct blushed like he was about to catch fire, and he wanted to turn his face into Prompto's neck and breathe him in, but he also wanted to watch Gladio suck Prompto's dick and he also couldn't stop listening to Ignis moan. He couldn't hear himself on the video anymore, assuming he was kissing Ignis's neck and chest. From context, he knew he was touching Ignis's dick.

The camera wobbled a little as Prompto went back to holding it one-handed, his other reaching out to wind his fingers through Gladio's hair, his thumb rubbing one of the shaved sections.

"You think he'd ever cut it again?" Noct asked. It was one of the things he wasn't quite used to in the present day, like Ignis without glasses or Prompto with that ridiculous beard.

It took Prompto a good minute to figure out what Noct was saying, this time. "Oh, nah. Not after Iris called it a mullet. Besides, I like the long hair. So much more to pull, y'know?"

"You know, I don't think I've tried yet."

"I—*hah*—recommend it."

On the video, Gladio had pulled off from deepthroating Prompto and was treating him to a series of long, teasing licks instead. Prompto swore in tandem with his younger self, but the Prompto of the present didn't have to contend with anybody teasing at all. Noct was stroking him fast and hard, trying to get Prompto to come before he did on the video—and it seemed he was going to succeed.

"Noct," Prompto said, thrusting up into Noct's touch once, twice more before throwing his head back and coming with a shuddering gasp, the noise of somebody who'd gotten too used to living in an overcrowded Lestallum and having to keep quiet.

Ten years ago, Prompto had not been so inclined. He'd spent his teenage years in an empty house, and it showed in the way he moaned and swore as Gladio went down on him again.

"Fuuuuck, I'm watching this again about a million times," Prompto announced, stretching like a pleased cat before leaning into Noct and getting a hand around his cock again. "You like it?"

"I think you dropped the camera on the bed," Noct said. The screen was just showing the hotel room fan rotating above them. He could still hear Prompto, though.

"My camera work gets better in later episodes. I think."

"Mm." If Noct didn't have to worry about what was on the TV, it meant he could spend his time doing much more important things: kissing Prompto.

These days, Prompto kissed Noct like he was making up for lost time, like he wanted to swallow every gasp and noise that came out of him. He'd become sort of an expert at it, too, and Noct found it extremely unfair that Prompto now had ten years' worth of sexual experience on him. The Astrals only knew how long Gladio and Ignis had been fooling around with each other, but Noct used to be able to count on Prompto to be just as inexperienced as he was. Used to.

You know, he'd complain about it if it wasn't such a turn-on.

Noct was pretty sure the video had rolled to an end by the time he was spilling over Prompto's fingers, one hand gripping tight at the back of Prompto's shirt and the other in his hair. He collapsed into Prompto, who held him up easy, still pressing kisses to his cheeks and nose.

"So," Prompto said, once Noct could halfway breathe again, "you wanna watch another one?"

"Yes, *please*."

Author's Note:

Tell me what you think is on the rest of The Videos ;)